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E P I S T L E

FROM

THE BATTLE



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

E P I S T L E

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE



[Price One Shilling.]

Printed by W. B. ... and sold by ...

1800

January

E P I S T

T O

HIS R O Y A L H

The D . . . of C . . .

[Price One Shilling.]

AN
EPISTLE

FROM

Mrs. BAILEY,

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Duke OF CAMBRIDGE:

OR,

BEAUTY SCOURGING RANK.

*Cupid, tho' young, is Obstinate and Wild,
A Stubborn God--But yet that God's a Child.*

DRYDEN'S OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BATTERSON, Clement's - Inn - Fore - Gate, Butcher - Row, near
Temple-Bar, and Sold by all the Booksellers.

MDCC LXXII.

January.

EPISTLE

Mrs. B. A. E. Y.

His Royal Highness

DEAR OF CHANCELLOR

BEAUTY SCOURING RANK

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES

Printed by W. BARTON, Clerk of the Court, at the Court of Sessions, and sold by all the Booksellers.

MDCCLXXV

To thee I write, not through jealous rage,

But from thy Bride, thy thoughts to chase,

That Bride, who, with thy Novel's strong heat,

To thee in Charms as present, steals to meet.

E P I L E Who'er man's Moons have giv'd the birth,

Shall find this Heart to some new Flame give birth.

Not I, but your own Folly was your foe;

H I S R * * * L * * * H * * * S S

And bring my inward thoughts to open day,

Now that when you seem'd most fond and kind,

D * * E * O * F * C * * * * * D

I loath'd your Person, and despis'd your mind.

Perhaps You thought that when I said to Shame,

TO thee, egregious Prince, who, lost to Fame,

Pursu'st thy Pleasures thro' the Paths of Shame,

Scorn'd by the Great, derided by the Low,

Thy Merit, *Lineage*; and thy Grandeur, *Show*;

Thy most sublime Ambition, to be mean;

Thy Passion, Folly; and thy Hatred, Spleen;

B

To

To thee I write, not prompt by jealous Rage,
 Nor from thy Bride thy Thoughts to disengage.

That Bride, who, view'd by Novelty's strong Beams,
 To thee in Charms, at present, peerless seems;
 But who, e'er many Moons have glid'd the Earth,
 Shall find thine Heart to some new Flame give Birth.

I nearly wou'd my Sentiments display,
 And bring my inmost Thoughts to open Day;
 Know then, that when you seem'd most fond and kind,
 I loath'd your Person, and despis'd your Mind;
 Perhaps You thought that when I sunk to Shame,
 And lost for You a modest Matron's Name,
 Perhaps You thought in equal flames I burn'd,
 And each Embrace with real Love return'd;
 'Twas all Decit; in the licentious Strife,
 I only *acted Rapture* to the Life.

I seem'd all Ecstasy--all Passion--Storm--
But, in reality, was scarcely warm ;
When furious Wishes in my Eyes were seen,
My unimpassion'd Breast was all serene ;

Grieve not then, Sir, because deluded so,
Not I, but your own Folly was your Foe ;
Our Sex have such Duplicity of Heart,
Their Art seems Nature, and their Nature, Art ;
Creation's Lords with Ease we can beguile,
We frown in Pleasure, and in Anguish smile,
Assent politely, if the Soul denies,
And speak Negations, when the Heart complies ;
At female Policy then be not griev'd,
For wiser Men than You have been deceiv'd.

The tender witty Ovid, born for Love,
Who could the Breast of every Female move ;

Ovid

Ovid, on whom the high-born *Julia* smil'd; I
Ovid complain'd he oft had been beguill'd;
 Then if the witty *Ovid* could submit
 To female Policy and female Wit;
 By us to be deceiv'd; why should you moan,
 Who have so little Wit to call your own?

Besides, if your weak Parts could Passion move,
 Catch the soft Soul, and warm the Heart to Love;
 When left by You, how hapless had I been,
 What Years of Sorrow must I then have seen
 Condemn'd in Tears and Sighs to pass my Days,
 Lost to my Peace of Mind and worldly Praise;
 But happy that no Passion touch'd my Breast,
 With Joy I parted, when I could detest.

My Parents, not my Heart, had fixt my Fate,
 Bound to a Consort I was born to hate,

Unknown

Unknown to Pleasures of domestic Peace,
 His boorish Manners, had my Hate increase;
 A lazy Apathy then seiz'd my Soul,
 My Heart, all Vacancy, felt no Control;
 Thus ripe for an Intruder you appear'd,
 My Tyrant Lord I neither lov'd nor fear'd;
 Urg'd by Ambition, I display'd my Charms,
 And cold to Love receiv'd you to my Arms;
 I did but gratify my Pride, not thee,
 Thank then thy Rank and Title! thank not me!
 Then let not Vanity thy Bosom fire,
 Think not from Love I acted, or Desire;
 My Eyes were dazzled by the gay Parade,
 Which Show exact, which is by Custom paid
 By bending Nobles and by cringing Slaves;
 By fawning Sycophants and bowing Knaves;
 C My

My Ears were charm'd by Sounds of courtly Strains,
 Of Royal Blood that flow'd within your Veins,
 Of ducal Coronets, and princely Stiles,
 Of Courts admiring, and of Monarch's Smiles;
 Thus by Ambition was my Soul misled,
 And hungry Pride by Expectation fed.
 In female Minds Ambition bears the Sway,
 And drives the Substance for the Shade away.
 The wanton Dame, who makes of Love a Trade,
 The prudish Devotee, and simple Maid,
 For courtly Sounds will Peace of Mind forego,
 And barter Happiness for tinsel Show.

Look thro' the World, observe both far and wide,
 You'll find the female Deity is Pride;
 Through Pride, though passionately fond of Wit,
 How many of our Sex to Fools submit;

Or,

Or, blinded by Ambition's glaring Charms,
 Receive old Age with Rapture to their Arms,
 On Knaves, Ambition's Honesty bestows,
 Or clothes Deformity in Beauty's Cloaths;
 Ambition can all Miracles perform,
 Can freeze the youthful, or the aged warm;
 It cheers the gloomy Night, and clouds the Sun,
 And gives two Eyes, where Nature gave but one;
 It smooths the Hump behind, gives Blockheads Brains,
 Makes Virtues shine, and clears all vicious Stains.
 Respecting me, Ambition was your Friend,
 The Means I hated, but ador'd the End;
 My Heart, tho' tender, still untouch'd remain'd,
 I still embrac'd, and yet I still disdain'd;
 Be Women grave or gay, a Fool must tease,
 While Wit politely turn'd is sure to please;
 This makes me still insist, each Nymph should know,
 The good advice of the Harmonious Row,

“ Were

" Were ye, ye Fair, but cautious whom ye trust;
 " Did ye but think how seldom Fools, are just,
 " So many of your Sex would not in vain,
 " Of broken Vows, and faithless Men, complain;
 " Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
 " How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd;
 " Convinc'd by Reason, they your power confess,
 " Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
 " And, conscious of your Worth, can never love you less."

*Miss Elliot
the Actress*

To prove the Maxims true, view ELLIOT'S fate,
 Who might her Sorrows from thy Follies date,
 Blest with a Sprightly Wit, and Manly Sense,

Arthur Murphy

And us'd to MURPHY'S flowing Eloquence,
 Could thy Absurdities e'er touch her Heart,
 Or steal her Soul from Genius and from Art;
 No soft Emotions in her Bosom rose,
 But wild Ambition murder'd her Repose.

On

On the unhildred's side, and died
A Martyr to the Fickleness of Fate;
Accurs'd Ambition, which exalts the Knave,
And sinks to Death the Weak and the Brave!
Hence Women will forsake the Men of Sense;
If Reason was the only Judge of State;
The Great in Mind wou'd be the only Great;
Hence Fops succeed, when real Merit fails;
A princely Soul would Admiration claim,
And hence the Coward's errors have prevail;
Though poorly clad within a menial Frame;
For this, heroic Jones gave up his Claim;
And, led by Truth, the wond'ring Sons of Men,
Ambition only led her to your Arms;
Would scorn the Casket to applaud the Gem;
But Polly, tul'd, like Rastrel, was not the same;
But Truth and Reason, in the Passion's Strife,
She quickly found your Heart's united strife;
Resign to Custom all the Lead in Life;
Yet wisely chose to live - not land a Wife;
A courtly Title with a clownish Soul,
To walk to death with Disappointment's Gloom;
Will ever gaping Multitudes controul;
But chain'd by Wit, in Rhetoric's Iron Gloom;
A princely Title with a Cobar's Brains,
Rewards of Gays, for what the low Intrigue gains;
Applause from Wit, and Smiles from Beauty gains,
Poor Gravel nor a Pace more than a Soldier's;
There you join'd the Villain to the Fool;

Jointly

Long from the Paths of Nature's true way'd,
 And lost the Substances to embrace the Shade;
 Through intercess'd Eyes all Objects view'd,
 Pursue false Lustre, and reject the true;
 Hence Women oft forsake the Men of Sense,
 For Coxcomb's Tinsel and Impertinence;
 Hence Fops succeed, when real Merit fails,
 And hence the Coward o'er the Brave prevails;

Polly Jones

For this, majestic JONES gave up her Charms,
 Ambition only lur'd her to your Arms,
 But Folly rul'd, like ELLIOT's was her Fate,
 She quickly found your Heart's unsettled State;
 Yet wisely chose to live---Nor suffer'd Pride
 To walk to death with Disappointment's stride;

Fredrick Bolingbroke

But charm'd by Wit, in BOLINGBROKE she found
 Rewards of Sense, for what she lost in Sound.

Lady Grosvenor

Poor GROSVENOR's Fate meets more than Ridicule,
 For there you join'd the Villain to the Fool;

Jointly

Jointly my Sex will fare the Mass accept,
 With Folly cast, and an unceasing Breat;
 Perhaps you think the Fair should near you draw,
 With silent Passion and submissive Awe;
 Think you the utmost Limit of their Fate,
 Think you all lovely, charming, wise, and great;
 Implicitly your fancied Charms adore,
 And beg the Honor to become your Whore;
 With Tears their own Unworthiness confess,
 Or, in Epistles your high Birth address,
 Give you all Graces that you ought to own,
 To merit near Alliance to a Throne;
 Say, "Mighty Sir, august and high in Birth,
 "Grac'd with what'er is noble or has worth,
 "Receive the Homage with a gracious Smile,
 "Paid by an humble Heart devoid of Guile,
 "An humble Heart your Charms have made a Prize,
 "A Heart devoted to your speaking Eyes;

Why

"For

" For sure such melting Looks, such Grace and Air,
 " Were form'd to conquer all the warring Fair;
 " Since Fate to each has giv'n a different Lot,
 " To you a Palace and to me a Cot;
 " Let me not sink beneath my humble Fate,
 " But, mighty Sir, be generous as you're great;
 " Permit my tender Soul, o'ercharg'd with Grief,
 " To vent its Sufferings, and to seek Relief;
 " Calm with a soothing Glance my troubled Breast,
 " And sweetly smile my anxious Soul to rest;
 " Your bright Perfections justify my Flame;
 " Adoring you, a Stoic could not blame;
 " Forgive the Boldness of a blushing Maid,
 " Spur'd on by Love, but through Distrust afraid;
 " Fortune has plac'd a Barrier in my Way,
 " And rash must term me, when I Love obey;
 " Ye partial Deities, who rule above,
 " Venus, bright Queen, and Cupid, God of Love!

" Why

" Why did you seek my Love, my Love, my Love?
" To me, and mine, for ever, I have sworn;
" Blest may he be, who in my arms is found;
" But why on such a subject should I dwell?
" Why do I Heaven accuse, or why complain?
" Oh Love, or Death, release me from my Pain!
" Since you alone, Great Sir, my Fate can give,
" Death with a Smile, or bid me live;
" Pronounce my Doom, let things upon your Breath,
" Bid me to live, or give the Word of Death;
Such Supplications should your Grace receive,
That they're sincere, I beg you'll not believe;
When mad'ning Pride, and wild Ambition fire,
You're but the Tool, by which they would aspire,
Themselves they court, to you they make their Moan,
And Interest is the only Flame they own.

E

The

The wife allow it as a certain Rule;
 That nought's so hard as to convince a Fool;
 But if you'll just throw off your Self-respect,
 And spare one Moment gravely to reflect;
 Divest yourself of Titles, Pomp, and Show,
 And then, the very Thing you are, you'll know.

To Greatness born, but fated to be mean;
 In public laugh'd at, and despis'd unseen;
 Spur'd on by Passion, and by Folly led,
 A Heart all flutter, and a thoughtless Head;
 The growing Subject of keen Ridicule,
 A Knave to Women, and to Knaves a Fool;
 Hard of Access to Merit or good Sense,
 But free to Baseness and Impertinence.
 The Round of Folly with such Care you beat,
 We soon shall see the Circle quite compleat;

From

From Vice to Vice with headless Boldness plunge;
 And with drawn Rapier, at Decorum longe;
 And yet so low and groveling is your Mind,
 That when you sin, your Sin is ne'er refined;
 No polish'd Vice in any Act we see,
 But all the Mud of filthy Infamy;
 When sated in grave Looks your Sense we see,
 Your *Humour's* Love of dear Variety;
 Your *Wit*, all Flash, consists of futile Toys,
 Your *Love* is tasteless in the highest Joys,
 Your *Elegance* is formed of Modish Noxias,
 Of *Grinning Repartees* and *Laughing Jokes*;
 The Trump of Fame indeed you've made your own,
 A Fame for great Absurdities alone;
 And that so dear a Fame should ne'er decay,
 You add a Blast to waken every Day;
 But can the Man to greatness e'er pretend,
 Who makes a menial Knave his bosom Friend;

Who

Who lodges Secrets in a servile Breast,
And is with Friendship bought, by Lucre blest;
Indeed Sagacity we must allow
The End in View, when to the Means you bow;
I'll not deny your Merit in the Act,
To chuse your Likeness, to adopt your Fact;
For 'tis in Life a most unquestion'd Rule,
That Knaves are always useful to a Fool;
This is your Picture in the fairest View,
Examine well, you'll find the Representation;
And so, in Time, will quit fair Games

Who